

Land

By Peter Paul H.

NEW PLAN

TO

SAVE THE STATE.

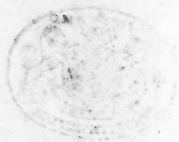
ADDRESSED TO THE LADIES.

By a Gentleman of the University of CAMBRIDGE.

LONDON, Printed for the AUTHOR;
And Sold by J. DODSLEY, in PALL-MALL,
And Messrs. T. and J. MERRIL, at CAMBRIDGE.

M.DCC.LXXIX.

[Price One Shilling.]



DEDICATION

TO THE PUBLIC.

WHILE the Author of the following lines presents them to the World, he is filled with all the confusion and suspense natural to a young lover, at first paying his addresses to the favor of the Public. He knows that his Mistress is often coy, frequently capricious, and seldom fond; he knows too that the consent of her guardians, Messieurs the Reviewers, is difficult to be gained. He hopes, however, as he
courts

DEDICATION.

courts her through no mercenary motives, but solely through love, that if they will not grant his suit, they will at least not despise it; and although he may at present be unable to boast the *bonnes Fortunes* of an ——— or a ——— yet at some future period, he may be happy in possessing her.

To drop the allegory; the Writer begs this first effort to be considered as (what it really is) a refuge only from more important and severer study.

A NEW

A

N E W P L A N, &c.

IN these sad days, when Fashion's laws
Alone can give or gain applause ;
When Thought seems banish'd from our creed,
And Dissipation reigns instead ;
When Virtue is turn'd out of place,
And Ruin stares us in the face ;
Fain would the Muse some counsel give,
Fain our lost honour would retrieve.

*Nemo, as a fam'd Bard has writ,
Turpissimus repente fit—*

A

Yet

Yet (with due def'rence to the many)
 We make as much dispatch as any.
 Nor need we any longer flee
 For Vice to France or Italy ;
 The baneful Herb now prospers here,
 As if it were its native air.
 While War, and all the ills that wait
 Attendant on a falling State,
 By gracious Providence are sent,
 That we may turn us and repent ;
 All the contrition we think due,
 Is this, and very ample too,
 To blame the badness of the times,
 Yet never once forsake our crimes ;
 Sham penitence—not meant to last,
 And bribe our Maker with a *Fast* *.

But

* This happy expedient, so successfully adopted by modern Statesmen, if not similar to the Romish ceremony of *confession*, seems at least to be productive of similar effects ; since, when the Fast is over,

we

But Tales, 'tis said, best counsel give :
 I'll tell a Story with your leave ;
 A Story which we all well know,
 But may not be *mal-a-propos*.
 When PYRRHUS * to Tarentum came,
 He found a people much the same
 As we may be ; in pleasure lost,
 'Twixt infamy and folly tost :
 The hardy Veteran perceiv'd
 By arts like these no nation liv'd ;

we return to our vices with our usual alacrity ; consoling ourselves with the reflection, that on that day twelvemonth we shall receive absolution again.—This holds in war-time only ; in peace there is no occasion to repent at all.

* When Pyrrhus came to succour Tarentum, he thought it necessary to reform the people ; and to that end ordered all the places of public entertainment to be shut up.—We, in as bad a condition, are not only abridging none, but contriving more. Our gaieties and dissipation at this time, are, perhaps, only to be equalled in absurdity by the Romans in the reign of Vitellius, who could not refrain from celebrating the *Saturnalia*, when the city was besieged by Vespasian.

That the smart muff, or smarter vest,
 Would not relieve a State oppress'd;
 Nor the nice conduct of a ring,
 From ruin preservation bring.
 But their lost honour to restore
 (As far as lay in human pow'r)
 He straight gave orders to erase
 Each vestige of a *public place*;
 Whatever to corrupt inclin'd,
 Or tended to debase the mind.
 What think ye, Statesmen, of this scheme?
 'Twill do for us as well as them.
 Will you, ye FAIR, agree to this?
 For once be patriots, and say *Yes!*
 At the dear Opera no more
 To *leave our reason at the door*,
 No more to meet at Play, or Bach's,
 Divine Festino, or Almack's:

From

From Ranelagh to be debarr'd,
 Nor suffer'd e'en to touch a card.
 Then (as the Roman Dames of old,
 To save the State, their jewels fold)
 Since on each Fair and *Lilly Male*,
 The thoughts of drefs no more prevail,
 All would no doubt their diamonds sell,
 Pearls, and each other Bagatelle,
 And, *unâ voce*, dedicate
 The product, to restore the State.
 Thus might it even be made known
 To Ladies, that their Country's gone;
 Thus might we too from ruin rise,
 And grow at once both rich and wise.

But let us (triflers as we are)
 Awhile our levity forbear,
 And view the subject as we ought,
 (A subject worth a serious thought.)

Whilst,

Whilst, ere one enemy's subdu'd,
 Another thirsts for English blood ;
 And, what will nearer to us come
 Than Foes abroad, are Foes at home.
 But think not that the Muse descends
 To answer Party's meaner ends ;
 For much she fears, in either scale
 More Vice than Virtue will prevail :
 See wretched W——s pervert the sense,
 Which ever bounteous Providence
 In its munificence design'd
 To be the safety of mankind.
 Again, to S——D——H turn, and see
 (S——D——H and W——s, *par nobile*)
 Wisdom from Virtue's plan depart,
 The greatest head, the meanest heart :
 Yet must we suffer, if we can,
 The private for the public man.

Thus

Thus on each side shall worth appear,
 A H—CH—FFE there, a P—RT—S here :
 In the true patriot S—V—LLE find
 All that can dignify mankind ;
 A rare assemblage upon earth
 Of wisdom, probity, and birth :
 Yet not alone this God comes forth,
 Behold his counterpart in N—TH.
 View him in ev'ry action just,
 In danger steady to his trust ;
 Brought to the helm amidst a train
 Of ills no other could sustain ;
 In tempests tost, from terror free,
 Arm'd in his own integrity.
 Tho' Faction now deride thy name,
 And Folly help to fan the flame,
 The time shall come, when banish'd hence,
 Envy (that tax on eminence)

Shall, tho' she now triumphant reigns,
 If seen at all, be seen in chains.
 And when at length thou hast attain'd
 By greatest means the greatest end,
 When Peace shall to this land be brought,
 Without the loss of honour bought ;
 The noblest popularity,
 Great Minister ! shall wait on thee ;
 That incense of the truly good,
 Which follows, not which is pursued.
 Then shalt thou, from amidst the cloud,
 When Reason's voice is heard aloud,
 Break like the Sun with brighter rays,
 With more effulgent glory blaze ;
 And shine a pattern upon earth,
 Of private join'd with public worth.
 As when benighted, far from home,
 The traveller's compell'd to roam ;

Tho'

Tho' now he dreads th' impending storm,
 Still joy attends the coming morn :
 Alike, tho' clouds obstruct our way,
 Let us too hail the *rising Day* :
 In E—ST—N view the STUART race
 Resplendent shine with added grace,
 All the First CHARLES's virtues see,
 With all the Second's gaiety :
 While A—TH—PE bids the SPENCER name
 Stand foremost in the list of Fame,
 Instructed on the noblest plan,
 The scholar, gentleman, and man :
 And England views, with ravish'd eyes,
 In P—TT a future CAMDEN rise.

If strongest Reason, strictest Truth,
 The thought of age, the fire of youth,
 If Knowledge join'd to Wit and Sense,
 Can stamp a true preeminence ;

If these the great essentials are,
 To grace the Senate or the Bar;
 From Folly's chains to set us free,
 And check the tide of Infamy;
 With head and heart alike divine,
 In ERSKINE shall a Saviour shine.

Unlike the Sons of Riot these!
 Who, a base appetite to please,
 Boldly extirpate Heav'n's command,
 And bid * Adult'ry stalk the land.
 Who damn to everlasting shame
 A D——y's or a P——y's name.

* The man who dedicates the day to indolence, and the night to gaming, has gained, perhaps, in the horns that adorn his brow, the *superbiam quæsitam meritis*; but when we consider the influence of these vices on society, the precedent strikes deep. The inferior orders in life will ever imitate the follies of their superiors; and however the idle and dissipated may laugh at the absurdity of this *servum pecus*, the thinking man will find the immediate sad consequences in the destruction of every social and domestic virtue, and will read the future ones in the ruin of his country.

Yet

Yet ye to pity have pretence,
 Unhappy Votaries of Sense!
 If as your forms your minds were seen,
 Ah me! *what angels had ye been!*
 But dead to honour as ye are,
 Farewell, alas! *most foul, most fair!*
 But can the Muse spend all her fire
 Without thy name, O D———E!
 Whom Fate has destin'd, lovely Fair!
 The insolence of verse to bear.
 When witlings to Apollo bring
 Each year their Easter-offering;
 To censure failings that may claim
 Our pity rather than our blame,
 And surely more with gen'rous wit
 For elegy than satire fit:
 Ah no! should beauteous D—v—N pass us,
 We lose our charter from Parnassus.

Yet will I not in envious lays,
 Hurl at thee my anathemas;
 But court thee to each hour employ
 For thine and for thy Country's joy.
 The world, 'tis true, for many a moon
 Has seen thy frailties passing on:
 Frailties alone have yet appear'd,
 But frailty may to vice be rear'd.
 And should'st thou quit for Sense and Truth,
 These idle levities of youth;
 Should'st thou the Coxcomb Race despise,
 And scorn them for the Great and Wise;
 Who, to preserve their Country's good,
 Have bravely shed their dearest blood;
 Who, rais'd above the vulgar tribe,
 Have nobly spurn'd the guilty bribe;
 Such, D——E, should be thy fame,
 As Virtue and as C——L——E claim.

Amidst our Follies, should we hear
 In times like these a Form there were,
 Possess'd of beauties that might move,
 And warm an Anchorite to love;
 Blest with the pow'r and wish to please,
 With native elegance and ease;
 With sense endow'd almost to make
 E'en Vice the form of Virtue take;
 (Could Vice divert her soul from right,
 And make of her a profelyte)
 And hear she could the pleasures leave
 That empty flatteries can give,
 To seek them in domestic life,
 The Friend, the Mother, and the Wife;
 Who'd grant that such a one there were,
 Who'd doubt if * H—CH—FFE should appear!

* This pattern of female excellence, to all the graces that would adorn the most refined age, adds all the virtues that would do honour to the most severe one.

But

But whilst the Muse is charm'd to find
 Such excellence in woman-kind,
 Proud to the world to usher forth
 Such evidence of female worth ;
 Say, whence that echo of despair !
 Why flows the unavailing tear !
 Or whence that tributary groan
 For her, whom death has mark'd his own !
 The husband's manly grief—the cry
 Of orphan'd innocence—the sigh
 Of weeping friends, a num'rous train,
 Shall bid the stranger's breast complain ;
 In melting sympathy deplore,
 The lov'd CORNWALLIS is no more.

A purer mind, a fairer mien,
 Thy light, bright Sun, has never seen !
 Alas ! no more she views thee rise
 In radiant pride to deck the skies ;

Nor

Nor marks thee streaming in the East,
Nor when thou sinkest in the West!

Yet boast not, mighty orb!—thy fame
One day with her's shall be the same:
Tho' from thy chambers of the East,
As a young bridegroom gayly drest
Thou com'st, and with a *giant's force*,
Rejoicest to perform thy course;
Yet one day shall thy race be o'er,
And thou, like her, illumine no more:
That pow'r who rais'd, shall bid thy fire
Amid the general wreck expire!

The female character, 'tis known,
Has mighty influence on our own.
May then our FAIR, whose beauty warms,
(Would I might say, discretion charms)
Teach their own Britons to forbear
The foppish arts, the Gallic air;

And

And shew their favor is preserv'd,
No longer than it is deserv'd.

May Discord 'midst those Britons cease!
And in her place internal Peace
Triumphant reign! whilst by her side
Sits Liberty, a blooming bride:
So shall Iberia dread afar
The terrors of a British war;
So shall we ride the stormy sea,
The scourge of Gallic perfidy:
So shall our honour, fame, and praise,
(Laurels obtain'd in happier days)
Extend as far from pole to pole,
As "winds can waft, or waters roll."

F I N I S.